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## *Summer Soltice*

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## Mythcon 51: The Mythic, the Fantastic, and the Alien

Albuquerque, New Mexico • Postponed to: July 30 – August 2, 2021



# Summer Solstice

by  
Roger Echo-Hawk

Rumor awakened in their underground realm  
Of a country far-off. All the sleeping animals  
Howled in their sleep, rattled horns, whistled  
Stirring eagerly in their slumber below the earth  
They stood in their cities, the Summer King spoke  
Of his distant destinations. He had journeyed far  
Beyond faded tales of a forgotten whispered path  
Holding odd seeds he had returned underground  
Hidden warmth in his hands moved their hearts  
Everyone stood, the people and the animals stood  
Insensible, the animals groaned, now they'd start  
To somehow find a way through troubled dreams  
They'd question one murky belief after another  
And abandon all to believe in the world above.



In our retellings I suppose we don't much bother  
Keeping straight the bent details, crooked roads  
In one tale after another, how we handed down  
Sidelong versions of whatever happened next  
Under ebbing oceans an ancient underground  
Somewhere in the receding past they kept saying  
Their slippery sense of community mattered, it  
Shaped them, their history, the story they filled  
Themselves with every day, waking their minds  
Connecting to the history of memory as if it all  
Felt real, seemed specific enough, logical enough  
Those changing details that give rise to the world  
In our retellings of the tale along a crooked road



Summer King, Morning Star, child of sunshine  
Along his pathway stumbled enchanted animals  
Flickering in & out of view, everyone followed  
Peering into the nearby future, eyes closed as if  
Gathered underground, seeing through shadows  
Another land full of seeds with glowing hearts  
Alight in his open hands, the King of Summer



To see the future one must look into the mirror  
Of the past. It isn't difficult to justify the story  
Of what we think we know, all of that knowing  
The Summer King stands in underground cities  
A sightless crowd of creatures that howl and stir  
The King of Summer knows; in his hands, light



So now we will go and I know it is difficult to go  
Though no one can see very far into the future  
How earth in this version of the story is hollow  
Where is the evidence, the advocacy we need  
For reconciliation, the latitude of togetherness  
Of our diurnal rhythms, our nocturnal patterns  
The worldwide distribution of necessary traits  
The trail of traits leading us back into ourselves  
A world under the world of lumbering animals  
Wandering from one enchanted land to another  
All of us, our eyes closed, yes we think we know  
Groping for lifetimes through scene after scene  
As if rumors will tell us that now it is time to go  
We hear there is a mirror at the end of the dream



He stood up in the mirror at the end of the dream  
Summer King, the King of Summer Solstice stood  
Among all the fabled forgotten creatures long ago  
In darkened cities underground the Summer King  
Spoke without speaking, a whispering light inside  
His hands, lost in wonder, somewhere in the past  
He stood up in the mirror at the end of the dream